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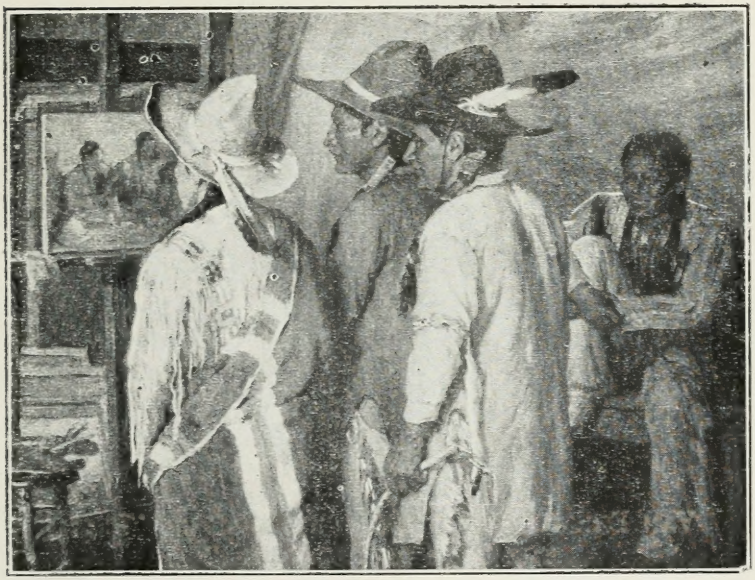
no. 7/8

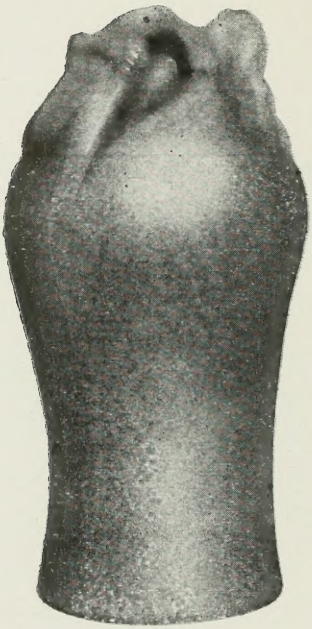
El Palacio

VOL. XXI. OCTOBER 15, 1926. NOS. 7-8.



After Painting by J. H. Sharp in Fiesta Art Exhibit

STUDIO VISITORS



Van Briggle Vase "Despondency" or "From the Dust of the Earth"

Designed and executed by Artus Van Briggle and exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1900. It took the gold medal, which proclaimed that for the first time an American was the Master Potter of the World. It was presented to Mrs. Howard Greene of Long Branch, N. J., Chairman of Arts and Crafts, Division of Art, General Federation of Women's Clubs, as a prize in connection with the traveling exhibition of American art pottery. It was awarded to Mrs. J. G. Osburn, Chairman, of Roswell, N. M., and presented at the Biennial Session of the General Federation held in May 1926.

MRS. OSBURN WINS FIRST PLACE FOR NEW MEXICO

Says the American Magazine of Art for October:

"Announcement was made at the most recent Biennial Meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs that the first prize, offered by the Arts and Crafts Division of the Fine Arts Department of the Federation, for the most successful exhibition of American Pottery throughout the women's clubs of the various states, was awarded to Mrs. J. G. Osburn, of Roswell, New Mexico.

"Early in the past season Mrs. Osburn was appointed by the state Chairman of Art to take charge of the routing and circulation of a collection of sixty pieces of pottery and china in the state of New Mexico. The cirucit which she arranged included three of the four district conventions of women's clubs in the state, the Agricultural and Mechanical college at Mesilla Park, and other important points of contact.

"Five prizes were offered in connection with this competition and were awarded to the exhibition chairmen of the following states in the order named: New Mexico, West Virgina, Kan-

sas, South Dakota and Missouri. That New Mexico should have won first place among all the states of the Union is indeed cause for congratulation, and constitutes another very real achievement on the part of Mrs. Osburn, who has already won high praise for her splendid effort in increasing the knowledge and appreciation of art among those in her community."

The vase won for the late Artus Van Briggle world-wide recognition as a Master Potter. It was given the gold medal in Paris in 1900 and a poet wrote these lines about it:

> "Why does he peer within the clay?
> Does the odor of frankincense linger there
> And the breath of a sun-drenched yesterday;
> Or wearied now with the fret and the stir
> Of his endless quest does he seek the myrrh?

It was back in the nineties that Mr. Van Briggle went to Colorado Springs as a healthseeker and it was during his convalesecence that the vase came into being. The coloring is most exquisite yet most subtle—rose at the bottom it grows darker into purple through which a deep blue glows (if you can imagine blue "glowing") as it reaches the mouth of the vase.

The vase was on exhibition at the annual meeting of the New Mexico Federation of Women's Clubs in Carlsbad, October 12, 13 and 14. Mrs. Osburn's indefatigable work, her unselfish zeal,

her fine achievements in creating an appreciation for art in New Mexico, have won wide appreciation and have given her prominence in national Federation circles. The vase was bestowed upon Mrs. Osburn as a personal recognition of her work, but she has been planning to place it where it will give most joy. No wonder she writes: "Perhaps, when our Cultural Center—our dream city— is a fact, I can present it to its headquarters. Si?"

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOUR, SCHOOL OF AMERICAN RESEARCH AUGUST 1926.

At 9:45 A. M. on Monday, August 16, 1926, the second annual archaeological tour open to summer students left the Old Palace in Santa Fe for a ten day field trip through northwestern New Mexico and southern Colorado. There were twenty-four in the party in five automobiles. No camping equipment was carried for the party this year, but several of the men and a few of the women were prepared with bed rolls to sleep in the open. The party was as follows:

Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of School of American Research.
Dr. Charles F. Lummis, author and explorer.
Tsianina, Cherokee Indian concert singer.

Dr. Hartley B. Alexander, State University, Lincoln, Nebraska.
Hubert Alexander.
Kenneth M. Chapman, School of American Research.
Miss Beatrice Blackwood, Demonstrator in Anatomy in University Museum, Oxford, England.
Miss Gertrude A. Gillmore, Curator of Children's Museum, Detroit, Michigan.
W. W. Postlethwaite, Treasurer of Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado.
Herbert U. Williams, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Jessie J. McNall, Science Dept., Potsdam Normal School, Potsdam, N. Y.
Mrs. E. G. Trowbridge, Winnetka, Illinois.
Miss Grace Spiegel, Long Beach, California.
Rev. David Reiter, Santa Fe, N. M.
Paul Reiter, Santa Fe, N. M.
Frank H. Shoemaker, State University, Lincoln, Nebraska.
Miss Henrietta Gloff, Harvey Courier.
Miss Charlotte Arnold, San Diego, Cal.
Miss Hope Gilbert, Ceres, Cal.
Floyd Manker, Santa Fe, N. M.
Norbert Berchtold, Santa Fe, N. M.
Miss Sophie Casey, Washington, D. C.
Charles E. Carey, Red Oak, Iowa.
Mrs. Charles E. Carey, Red Oak, Iowa.

One of New Mexico's loveliest mornings gave the company an auspicious start with bluest skies and clearest air, and this perfect weather continued throughout the entire ten days. Only two or three showers fell and only once was it neces-

sary for any of the cars to put on chains and then only for a skiddy hill and a very short distance.

Starting up the valley of the Rio Grande, through the old Tano World, past several pueblos still surviving from prehistoric times, our first objective was Taos, the northernmost frontier pueblo of that ancient world. The town of Taos and the Indian pueblo two miles distant are beautifully situated at the foot of mountain peaks on the border of a broad fertile valley and here away from railroads and the rush of modern business, they pursue their quiet primitive way unharassed by the urgencies and complexities of twentieth century life.

We arrived about 1:15 and were fortunate to find the new hotel, Don Fernando, just open for guests. A hotel with "atmosphere," it follows in its architecture the old New Mexican traditions, outside the plastered adobe walls in modified mission style, inside natural tree trunk pillars and tree beams supporting the ceiling, hand-carved furniture and hand-wrought iron electroliers, and a great central fire-place of plain adobe.

After lunch at the Kit Carson Cafe, the party drove out to the Taos Pueblo where the Governor's son conducted us about. Dr. Hewett answered many questions and explained some of the laws governing Indian pueblo life. Taos is a

prosperous, well-kept pueblo, increasing in population, with good land and a good water supply. With the consent of the Governor, we drove on a little further to the Sacred Grove, a beautiful green quiet spot wooded with large cottonwoods and watered by a clear brook bubbling over a rocky bed, - a spot cherished by the Indians and hallowed by their ceremonials.

Back in Taos, we had an hour before dinner to wander about the village, visit the old home and the grave of Kit Carson, glimpse into lovely gardens and linger in the old, old plaza. After dinner at the Columbian hotel because the Don Fernando dining room was not yet ready to serve its guests, we gathered around the inviting fire place in the Don Fernando lobby. There many of the residents of Taos joined us to listen to a lecture by Lansing B. Bloom on the history of Taos and its pueblo, a stormy, tragic history of revolution against Spaniards, against Mexicans, and against the United States. An informal discussion followed which brought out reminiscences of Kit Carson and his family.

After a comfortable night, we started on our way Tuesday morning at 8:15 over the green Taos mesa, rightly called the granary of New Mexico. Before long the green fields gave way to desert sage. The road crossed the Arroyo Hondo which cuts through a broad green valley

and then soon we entered the Carson National Forest, a preserve of piñon and cedar, all of low growth. Much of the way was through waste land but where clear streams of water ran down from the mountains, the land was irrigated and blossomed into green fields.

The only mountain road that day led us over the Questa Spur of the Sangre de Cristo Range, a good road and a beautiful one through pines and low oaks with a marvellous view of the valley we had just left behind. At the top of the spur we stopped and looked out over the Rio Grande Valley where the river cuts its way through the deepest gorge in all its course. Dr. Hewett gave a geography talk on the region spread out below us as we looked across to the volcanic range opposite us in the west. Down from the mountain top, through another lovely green irrigated tract benefited by the mountain streams, we followed a long stretch of level, dusty road, past irrigated wheat fields, overlooking Sunshine Valley with its broad cultivated acres, and again through level barren desert covered only with sage brush.

The best chance for lunch was at the little settlement of Jarosa about a mile off from our road. The one lone woman in the tiny hotel was hardly equal to the task of serving dinner at once to twenty-four travelers, but in her little store

we found some sandwiches left over from a dance the night before, some peanuts and chocolate and sufficient to tide over the noon-day meal, which we ate standing about our cars.

The afternoon ride carried us across a level country, partly cultivated, partly desert, past acres of sunflowers, through the villages of San Acacio and San Luis to old Fort Garland. We took refuge from the high gale blowing in the lee of the old fort and listened with interest as Dr. Hewett told fascinating stories of early days there, tales of Tom Tobin and the Espinozas. Leaving the Fort, our good road ran across level country in full view of Sierra Blanca on our right, through Alamosa to Monte Vista. The latter part of the way lies through an irrigated district which raises fine potatoes, beets and other crops. We traveled 145 miles that day and reached our destination at Monte Vista before five o'clock. Our party divided between the Grand Hotel and the Laveta for rooms, but we all found good meals at the Laveta. After supper Dr. Hewett took the party to the edge of town and gave a geography talk on the region.

Wednesday's journey began at 8:10 and covered 185 miles that day across southern Colorado. A clear cool morning, a level road through the fertile valley of the South Fork of the Rio Grande and a climb over the Continental Divide in the

San Juan Range to a height of 10,850 feet, through Wolf Creek Pass, made this a most beautiful drive. The road passes through Rio Grande National Forest on the east side of the range and emerges through San Juan National Forest on the western side. Tall pines and spruces, lovely white-barked aspens, a riot of wild flowers in vivid colors, yellow and purple, white and lavender, red and blue, lined the road sides, while little mountain brooks tumbled down the rocks at our side and across our path. Up and down the rocky cliffs our road twisted, with tree roots on one side of us and tree tops on the other side, and glimpses of grassy glades far below us. We shall not soon forget the beauty of Wolf Creek Pass .

Pagosa Springs was the luncheon stop with time enough for a brief visit to the hot springs. Then over a good road that wound in broad sweeping curves through grass lands and the remanant of a former forest, past Chimney Rock, over ridges, through wooded canyons, past fertile green valleys, out again into desert sage and finally along the side of a cliff overlooking a river below to the mining town of Durango in the heart of the mountains. Green meadows and high mountain slopes caught the soft light of the setting sun as we rolled along toward Mancos through an ever changing scene of valley and

ridgeland. Part of the road was under construction and made slow rough traveling for a few miles.

Mancos was reached about seven o'clock and we found very comfortable quarters at the Wrightsman Hotel. The next morning at 8:15 we started for the Mesa Verde National Park twenty-six miles away, The road into the Park is a real mountain thriller, a long steep climb with no masking of rocky precipices by trees, but the road is kept in excellent condition and is wide enough to allow passing with care. At Lookout Point, we stopped to gaze at the endless sweep of desert below with Shiprock in the dim distance. Our first view of prehistoric ruins in the Park was at Farview House where we stopped for a few minutes and walked over the excavation.

Registration in Park headquarters over, and rooms and tents assigned to us, we gathered on the porch of the Administration Building and gazed in awe and admiration across the canyon at Spruce Tree House, a monument to the skill and courage of a primitive people who battled for existence in ages past against terrific odds. Looking across at that priceless heritage of beauty and mute record of primitive man, we listened to Mr. Jesse L. Nusbaum, Park Superintendent and archaeologist, tell the story briefly

of what traces early man has left there and how we may piece together bit by bit the picture of life in those canyons milleniums ago.

After dinner at Spruce Tree Camp we drove to the Sun Temple, then around to Sun Point where we looked across the canyon to the New Fire Temple, Oak Tree House, Mummy House, and the Cliff Palace. Mr. Nusbaum accompanied us all through the Park and gave us most interesting talks at every point. After our return from this afternoon tour. Mr. and Mrs. Nusbaum extended to us the hospitality of their own beautiful home, perched like a cliff house on the very brink of the canyon. Here on the balcony looking off into space above and below, the tired and dusty travelers enjoyed a social hour and Mrs. Nusbaum's delicious cake and frappé. There was just time before supper to visit the Museum and to look with great interest upon the discovered remains of a long dead civilization that once flourished in those cliff dwellings.

The day ended by joining a large company of other travelers in the circle around the camp fire where Mr. Nusbaum again reviewed the early history of this land and the evolution of man from the basket-makers up through gradual stages of development to people capable of artistic pottery and of fine masonry with the crudest of tools. Following his talk, Dr. Hewett spoke

inspiringly of the remarkable achievements of the Indian race in ages past and of the noble future before them if they are allowed to develop their own native abilities and not forced into the mold of the white man. Dr. Alexander talked to us of Indian myths, Charles F. Lummis of his early experiences in exploring the southwest and his high regard for his Indian friends, and the head forest ranger gave us a brief sketch of the geological history of the region. To close the evening a half dozen Navajo Indians danced the "Healing Dance" in the firelight.

At dawn the next morning the dramatic incident of the trip took place. Whatever impressions of this tour may fade from our minds, no one present will ever forget the early morning when a large number of people stole out in the silence of that new day to the canyon side opposite Spruce Tree House and there listened reverently while Tsianina, an Indian daughter, sang the Zuni Sunrise Chant just as the first rays of the rising sun tipped the western edge of the cliff. Carried back through a millenium of years our spirits bowed with hers and joined with the departed hosts in worship of the Sun and in a prayer to the Great Spirit. It was an impressive and unforgettable service.

The night before Tsianina spoke as follows:

"I wonder if any of you appreciate what a

privilege it is for me to be here and stand on the ground of my forefathers. I shall consider it a privilege to sing tomorrow morning the Sunrise Call of the Zuni Indians. They believe that the sun gives life to everything. They believe the sun to be the mother of life. It is the duty of the Sun Priest to rise every morning to call out the members of his tribe together to greet the sun. The words of the call as Carl Troyer has set it are:

"Wake ye, arise. Life is calling thee-wake ye
Arise-Life is greeting thee
Mother Life is calling thee;
Mother Life God, She is greeting thee.
Mother Life God, She is calling thee
Mighty Sun God, Give thy light to us. Let it
guide us, Let it aid us."
Guard us, guide us and lead us."

"I feel that it would be my duty to go into the footsteps of those people, who had something to give to the white man's civilization. Would that we had many more messengers such as those who have spoken to you tonight to help carry on the message.

"I thought the greatest thrill of my carreer was when I sang in the Hollywood Bowl to 20,000 people, but tomorrow morning, as I step into the footsteps of my people to carry on their message, will be the climax."

"If my singing tomorrow morning will give

you something from the Indian people which you can carry on as a message to the different parts of the earth, then come. We need as many messengers as we can get."

After breakfast we spent the morning visiting Cliff Palace and Balcony House, getting glimpses of Square Tower House and the Watch Tower, and walking over an area where are probably buried the very early pit houses as yet unexcavated. The climb down rocky crevices and up steep ladders tried the nerves and muscles of some of us but the more youthful and daring souls found delight in testing the most hazardous places.

The twenty-four hours in the Park were all too short. There are endless ruins yet to be unearthed and the possibilities of further discoveries invite us back for a longer stay. Again we traveled the winding cliff road over the mountain and down to the plain again and back to Mancos for luncheon.

Retracing our route eastward almost to Hesperus, we turned off the main road on to Cherry Creek Road in order to get a short cut to Aztec. But for the dust this would have been a very pretty drive through a narrow fertile valley bordered by green hillsides. After many miles we climbed out of the valley to a high tableland, passed the little settlement of Red Mesa and then

took a winding track across a flat desert for many hot dusty miles to the Aztec Ruin. Mr. Earl Morris, in charge of the work at this spot, was away and Dr. Hewett conducted us about. A little museum protects the findings of the excavators, and a large kiva has been fully restored.

The afternoon was nearly gone. The party hastened on to Farmington. Bathtubs were never more welcome and the Avery Hotel will always be held in grateful remembrance for being able to furnish them to those warm, dusty travelers.

Saturday's journey was across the Navajo Desert from Farmington to Chaco Canyon, a very interesting day through a country where only the Navajo Indian can exist and wrest a living. We passed his hogans, both winter and summer varieties, his flocks of goats and sheep, his ponies, his trading post at Simpson's, his corrals made of rude poles, an occasional water hole. For miles in every direction stretched the barren wastes of sand, sagebrush, rabbit weed, coarse grass, scarcely a tree except along the depressions where water might collect. A good breeze blew the dust away and light clouds threw a welcome shade upon us. The road was just a track with many high centers, deep ruts, many ditches to cross and many a bump, and some deep sand especially across the Escavado Wash near the end of the trip. A final rocky staircase down a

steep declivity brought us into Chaco Canyon.

Chances for lunch on the Navajo Desert had been nil and when the party had been welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Griffin at Chaco at 3:30 P. M., it was decided to combine lunch and supper in an early dinner about 4:30 or 5 o'clock. Mrs. Griffin received most graciously this very large addition to her family and took care of us for three meals. But sleeping accommodations being limited, as many of the party as possible slept in the open that night. After our early dinner, Mr. Neil Judd, archaeologist in charge of the work here, took us about Pueblo Bonito explaining especially the different types of masonry done at different periods in this ancient structure.

Memory will often turn back to that evening spent in the heart of the Navajo Desert, thirty-eight miles from the nearest Post-Office, sixty miles from a railroad. A light shower brought a rainbow as the sun was sinking The day faded into a beautiful moonlight night. The quiet canyon echoed with the notes of the tom-tom and the singing of a young Indian lad with a musical voice, who faced the setting sun and sang weird plaintive melodies as the evening shadows fell. When darkness gathered the party came back from their cliff climbing, horse-back riding and camp making and sat about under

the arbor of Supt. Griffin's home, and listened to an interesting lecture by Dr. Alexander on "The Rain Cloud in Indian Myths." Then Dr. Hewett spoke briefly on the early civilizations of the southwest as a whole, and Mr. Judd gave a talk on Chaco Canyon ruins. As the party broke up for the night, a group of Navajo gathered around a bon-fire and danced, a picturesque close to a most interesting day.

Sunday morning was spent in examining the Chettro Kettle Ruin, whose most impressive feature is the enormous kiva almost seventy feet in diameter, the largest on record to date. It was in Chettro Kettle that Mr. Shoemaker met his rattlesnake and held him for many snapshots before making an end of him.

After lunch we continued our way south across the Navajo Desert. While the sun was warmer and there was less breeze, the road was better than the day previous. But the desert was crossed by four o'clock and we entered the Devil's Pass over the Continental Divide, a narrow gorge where the road follows a dry stream bed much of the way, crossing and recrossing it, a bad place to meet a heavy rainstorm. Coming out from the Pass we drove into a valley of green grass and some timber where large flocks of goats and sheep were grazing. This valley led us out through the conspicuous red sandstone

cliffs with their flat tops and perpendicular walls, on to the main state highway. It was a short ride over this fast road to Gallup where we rested luxuriously that night in El Navajo Hotel, and once more blessed Fred Harvey for his excellent hotels in the small towns of the far west.

Monday morning we started at 8:10 for Zuni over a rather rough road winding about first through barren hills and desert and later among evergreen trees that increased in size until we came among tall pines with grass and wildflowers beneath.

The adobe Indian pueblo of Zuni lies at one side of a broad desert valley bordered by rocky flat-topped cliffs. We met many from this pueblo going by wagon and horseback to Gallup to the Tribal Ceremonial. The Zuni were hospitable and welcomed us into their homes and it was indeed an interesting hour we had with these survivors of the ancient people who populated this valley of the Little Colorado centuries ago.

Because we were a little behind our schedule and because of the stretch of poor road, we abandoned the plan of going to Inscription Rock and returned to Gallup for a late lunch at El Navajo Hotel. About the middle of the afternoon we started eastward and sped rapidly over the hundred miles to Laguna which we reached shortly after seven o'clock that evening.

The party are ready to testify that Laguna, New Mexico, is absolutely dry. Even the faucets in the Acoma Hotel failed to supply any water to the tried and dusty travellers. But consoling ourselves as best we could and knowing that the parched fields were getting the water intended for us, we slept and rose again to take our way to Acoma.

Acoma, the beautiful City of the Sky, lay but seventeen miles away and from its rocky eminence looks out over a broad grassy valley which affords good pasture. The Enchanted Mesa, passed on the way, held our interest with its unscalable walls and its mysterious mythical history. Arrived at Acoma, the party divided and some of the daring souls hunted out the ancient approach to the top by way of slender foot-holds and hand-holds up the face of the cliff while most of us were satisfied to clamber up the rocky crevice where foot-hold was none too secure. At the top we were met by two or three Acoma women who gave us the "Town Ordinance" to read requiring a dollar entrance fee from each and five dollars if we wished to take pictures. The prohibitive price of snapshots was a disappointment. Acoma tantalizes the photographer. Especially so upon this occasion when the populace was engaged in repairing the exterior of the three hundred year old church and presented a beauti-

ful spectacle in color and action. Every one of us will carry for many a day the picture of those Indian women in bright shawls, and red, green, purple and yellow garments, standing on ladders and applying the plaster brought to them in pails by the children, smoothing it on with their bare hands, all under direction of a shouting Indian overseer. On the ground nearby, a circle of kneeling women worked up the plaster to proper consistency, while burros laden with little sacks brought fresh supplies of material from the plain below. Indian men drove the burros gleefully up and down the deep sandy trail from the rocky summit to the plain and back again. Other Indian men were mixing adobe mortar to repair the kiva, all in preparation for their approaching annual fiesta. Dr. Hewett secured permission for us to enter the church, a privilege seldom granted. It was an occasion for both Dr. Lummis and Dr. Hewett to renew old friendships of years gone by. Several of the party became the proud possessors of fine old Acoma water jars.

Reluctantly we turned away from Acoma feeling we had had the merest glimpse of that isolated, singular community, but the noon hour called us back to the Hotel at Laguna for lunch. All packed and set to go once more, we stopped for just a brief call at Laguna Pueblo

where we were admitted to the old church. It was well worth seeing with its wide dado Indian design and its chancel walls and altar completely covered with intricate Indian symbols, - the whole blending into a harmony of color.

From Laguna Pueblo the miles flew past as we sped over the fine highway to Belen for supper in the Harvey House. Then on to Mountainair over a by-road that stretched for miles ahead of us in a wavy line straight across the desert to mountains on the horizon. We crossed these mountains, the Manzano, by way of Abo Pass on a perfectly fine broad highway with wide curves and gentle grades and rolled into Mountainair at 8 P. M. The Mountainair Hotel was ready for us with sherbet and cake and comfortable beds, most welcome after our drive of 149 miles.

The last day of our trip had arrived. A lovely morning with cloudless skies, and a drive of twenty-six miles to the old ruin of Gran Quivira. Here Dr. Hewett talked most interestingly to us about this old frontier Piro town, around which so much of myth and romance have always clung and which to this day attracts the treasure hunter. Here an early Franciscan Mission flourished and its ruin to-day is the finest of its kind. But little excavating has as yet been done in the surrounding mounds which bury a large ancient

community, but it is now protected from vandalism by the United States Government.

Dr. Hewett in this final lecture turned our thoughts back over the whole southwest region where in ages past civilizations flourished in the valleys of the Rio Grande, the San Juan, the Gila, the Casas Grandes in old Mexico, and the Little Colorado. Climatic changes which caused forests to recede and deserts to advance gradually conquered these civvilizations until they died out entirely in the San Juan valley, leaving the beautiful cliff-dwellings as evidence of their achievements, disappeared completely from the Gila Valley, and the Casas Grandes Valley. In the Little Colorado valley only Zuni and Hopi survive, while in the Rio Grande Valley fortunately more pueblos have been able to continue their existence. Acoma is the sole survivor of the ancient culture in the southern part of the Rio Grande valley but several pueblos have lived through the exigencies of centuries in the northern part of that great valley. Most of these pueblos are now increasing in population and it is to be hoped that archaeologists and the true friends of the Indian may be able to stem the tide of modern innovations which tend to turn the Indian from his ancient arts and culture into a mere imitation of the white man. In the Indian lies our hope of developing true American art

and if his ceremonial life fades and disappears in succeeding generations, America has lost its opportunity for evolving an expression of its own distinct life and culture.

We left this ancient Piro town still buried under the dust of centuries, returned to Mountainair for lunch, and then started on the home stretch for Santa Fe, up through the Estancia Valley. Only one stop was made that afternoon and that was at Comanche Gap where we looked with interest upon the Indian pictographs on rocky walls. This wall of trap rock through which Comanche Gap breaks has historic significance as the barrier protecting the three pueblos to the north from the raiding Comanches on the south. Still further on we passed through the old adobe town of Galisteo lying in the valley through which Coronado marched on his way from Bernalillo to Pecos nearly four centuries ago.

It was a memorable tour. We drove a little over twelve hundred miles, visited one National Park, three National Monuments which are preserving prehistoric ruins of once thriving communities, and four living pueblos. There was no car trouble along the way to speak of and only four punctures among the five automobiles. Every one felt grateful for the unusual opportunity of traveling through this region of wonderful historic interest in company with achaeologists

who have made that their life study and who can unfold and interpret what would otherwise be a mysterious riddle.

MRS. CHARLES E. CAREY,
Red Oak, Iowa.

SANTA FE FIESTA OF 1926

No more picturesque setting for a fiesta could have been chosen than this bowl among the foothills, its terraced benches carved in the solid adobe. Above, the Cross of the Martyrs, those Franciscan brothers who, counting life but a small price to pay for an immortal crown, planted the cross of Mother Church in desert places, among a race made hostile by conquest. This to the rear. Opposite, far beyond the stage, the majestic background of the Sangre de Cristos, their tawny shoulders black-garlanded with pine. A middle ground of undulating hills and hollows. And, over all, the hood of turquoise sky. Such is the new out-door theater of Santa Fe, dedicated to the Fiesta.

As the seats fill, khaki neighbors tweed and flannels; sweater hobnobs with Spanish shawl. It is one of those attractively heterogeneous audiences that American life makes possible. But

as these file down the log steps into boxes and reserved seats, others, different, range themselves on the earth terraces at one side of the stage. They are the Indian spectators, who prove to be "the observed of all observers." Along a ridge beyond the stage, they pass and repass, oblivious of the warmth of color their movements add to the occasion. Never throughout the program are they quite forgotten. Often the eye returns, to feast on this tonic blend of red man and his world, where he can never be a misfit. One may distinguish at least three racial stocks by the style of hair-dress and the drape of the blanket. But whether the red bando of the Tewa or the thong- wrapped "pig tails" of the Tigua; the rainbow blanket or the white: the women's white buskins and silk head-shawls or the Domingan's pink shirt, silver-belted over white drawers—all are equally picturesque, equally at home. What elsewhere would be bizarre, outlandish, here has the charm of naturalness.

While the ear hears and the eye sees the "numbers" that are being staged, the mind is aware of a greater drama than even man wrote, suggested by that group of a hundred Indians or less. The moon rises in a cloudless sky; the stars look down; the lights of distant cars glide along highways. We sit in a world apart, and watch the panorama of the ages.

The pageant begins, the pageant that would visualize this march—"across the centuries," as the program says. Indian home-seekers from afar, survey their new domain cautiously, choose caves, and light the new fire — the sacred fire-for the clan. Thenceforth, throughout the Fiesta, Indians enact their ceremonies: ceremonies to bring fruitfulness to the fields and increase to the clan; to accompany sunrise, war, the hunt; to celebrate victory, harvest, marriage. For every event in life, a ceremony.

But ceremonies alone cannot interpret life. And interpretation is the essence of the Fiesta. There must be a ground of common understanding; interpreters who know, in this case, both white and red man's lore. For this come Tsianina and Oskenonton and Te-Ata, who with the red man's heart and the white man's tongue, can bridge the chasm between the two races and make each intelligible to the other.

Indians first, First in time and first—thus far—in artistry. But they are not the only race concerned in this historical pageant. There are the Spanish, still proud of their lineage, still boasting "the blood of conquerors." There are the Mexicans, not yet quite weaned from Old Mexico. These must have increasing representations in a fiesta that means—or should mean—far more to them than to any "Americano." Though

Santa Fe, like everything else, must change, yet its streets, its landmarks, the nomenclature of its state will remain Spanish, and perpetuate through history and tradition a story fundamentally a blend of Indian and Spanish. Spanish songs, Spanish dances, and the drama of an intensely dramatic people must be made to play their part in the Fiesta program (One missed the little Spanish play this year). But, unless this is to be merely a fiesta for "home-folks," the performers must submit to training; not for a few rehearsals only, but the year 'round. If they like the players of Oberammergau, invite the world, they must give the world the best that is in them. There must be pride in fine workmanship. "Home-folks" may applaud a crude performance, but not the world. Such unselfish devotion as that of the leader of the Trovadores deserves an enthusiastic following.

This may seem harsh criticism, but it is not meant unkindly. The writer is an outsider to be sure—an outsider, yet a lover of Santa Fe, who for twelve years has made frequent pilgrimages to this "spiritual center of the United States," and values Spanish-American achievement; an outsider for whom the history of the Western Hemisphere first became vivid through summering in Santa Fe, thanks to the School of American Research. As such, she can say what the

Santa Féan cannot. And as such, she has opportunity to hear perhaps what the Santa Féan hears not. The love of things Spanish seems to have fallen asleep in Santa Fe, Love of the fine Spanish things, not of the tawdry; the tawdry will live anywhere, anytime. In Southern California we hear there is a Spanish renaissance. There will be in Santa Fe someday. Then those of Spanish blood will be glad to give the best that is in them to the adequate presentation of the poetry and romance of Spanish-American, the heritage that has produced a Rafaelo Diaz.

The Fiesta was never better, making reasonable allowance for the general newness of the theater. The pageantry benefited greatly by the greater range and naturalness of its setting. Horsemen galloped in and out unimpeded; a cave was a cave, and a trail was a trail. The Indians were on their native heath, not absurdly perched on a platform. And the extraordinary musical numbers lost nothing by transference from the tree-filled Plaza of other years to open ground. The "Bowl" preserved the resonance of tone; both singers and audience were delighted.

Enough cannot be said in praise of this part of the Fiesta. Rarely is so much talent assembled for such an occasion. Not only were Tsianina, Oskenonton, and Allan Grubb at their best; but to this trio, justly so esteemed in Santa Fe and so

essential to the success of the Fiesta, were added Charles Wakefield Cadman, composer of "Shanewis" and "The Sunset Trail," and Rafaelo Diaz, famous tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Cadman's personality at the piano added much to the enthusiastic reception of his operas. Diaz came as a Spanish-American interested in the traditions of Santa Fe, but also as one of the cast that have recently won laurels in the presentation of "Shanewis" in the Los Angeles Bowl. The fact that he is a celebrity was a matter of secondary moment to the Fiesta management and to himself. And the applause he called forth was a spontaneous tribute, not to his titles, but to his voice and his unspoiled self. Still another singer new to Fiesta programs was Lewis Meehan, whose truly exquisite tenor charms thousands by radio.

A closing word of thanks to the chorus in "The Sunset Trail," which acted and sang better than last year, and bore itself with real Indian dignity when fate in the form of rain cut short its career.

Laurels for the Fiesta of 1926! But the inevitable "but"—please, honorable management, build a hood to screen the camera-men. Their maneuvers destroy all realism for both audience and performers.

MRS. LYDIA J. TROWBRIDGE

EL PALACIO

VOL. XXI. OCTOBER 15, 1926. NOS. 7-8.

PAUL A. F. WALTER, EDITOR.

Published by the Museum of New Mexico and the School of American Research

A Semi-Monthly Review of the Arts and Sciences in the American Southwest.

Sent free to Members of the New Mexico Archaeological Society and the Santa Fe Society of the Archaeological Institute.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 16, 1918.

MUSIC AND LITERATURE

Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin 1846-1847 Edited by Stella M. Drumm, Librarian, Missouri Historical Society New Haven Yale University Press 1926.

The reprinting in 1916 of Thomas James' Three Years among the Indians and Mexicans, under the editorship of Walter B. Douglas, and the publication of the Papers of James J. Webb, Santa Fe Merchant, by Ralph P. Bieber, in *Washington University Studies* in 1924, added much

to the knowledge of the later history of Santa Fe and of early half of the "American" history of the Santa Fe trade. The most recent contribution to the subject is the enticingly interesting Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin, extending from June 1846, when she started from Independence as a bride of eighteen years with her husband, Samuel Magoffin, the pioneer trader, until they left Mier for Camargo, Mexico, in September of the following year. Notwithstanding serious illness during a considerable part of the long journey, the rigors of storm and climate and the frightful roads, the inhospitality of much of the country traversed, with lack of food and water, the danger from Indian ambush and from Mexican attack during a period of war, there were comparatively few days on which the brave little Kentucky woman did not enter her impressions and observations in her own naïve way.

Life at Bent's Fort, and the fort itself, where twelve days were spent, are described in more or less detail. The five days' journey over the Raton was an experience indeed. As they made their tortuous way, "Worse and worse the road! They are even taking the mules from the carriages this P. M. and a half dozen men by bodily exertions are pulling them down the hills. And it takes a dozen men to steady a wagon with all its wheels locked - and for one who is some dis-

tance off to hear the crash it makes over the stones, is truly alarming. Till I rode ahead and understood the business, I supposed that every wagon had fallen over a precipice. We came to camp about half an hour after dusk, having accomplished the great travel of *six or eight hundred yards during the day.*"

On August 29 Mrs. Magoffin visited the ruins of Pecos with her husband, who pointed out to her "the door of a room in which he had once slept all night in some of his trips across the plains, and while some of the inhabitants still remained." But now the church alone stood, with its beams "carved in hieroglyphical figures, as is also the great door, altar and indeed all the little woodwork about it."

The sojourn in Santa Fe immediately followed its capture by Kearny. The Magoffin house was "situated under the shadow of *la inglesia* (sic), and quite a nice little place it is," the diarist writes, with considerable detail respecting its size and equipment. Here the Magoffins held court during their month's stay, being visited by James W. Magoffin (Samuel's brother and partner, who bore a letter from Secretary Marcy commending him to Kearny as one who would prove a valuable emissary in the American cause, a fact which resulted in his later arrest in Mexico and almost in his execution as a spy), as well

as, indeed, by practically all the Americans in the capital at that time - General Kearny, Dr. Henry Connelly and his partner Edward J. Glasgow, Lucius Thruston whom Kearny appointed a prefect, Dr. P. A. Masure, Solomon Houck, Robert Spears of Doniphan's command; Capt. A. R. Johnson and Lieuts. W. H. Warner and T. C. Hammond, who were killed in service in California, Capt. Henry S. Turner and David Waldo; Mrs. Eugene Leitensdorfer and her sister.

Mrs. Magoffin attended a *baile,* of course, which she designates a "menagerie," obviously on account of its rather motley gathering, which included the notorious Gertrudes Barcelo, or "Dona Tula" (Tules), the principal monte-bank keeper in Santa Fe; Colonel Doniphan; the Señor Bicario, "there to grace the gray halls with his priestly robes;" Capt. Benjamin D. Moore of the Dragoons; "a dark-eyed Señora with a human footstool: in other words with her servant under her feet." The observations made on this occasion and subsequently at a dinner given by the Leitensdorfers were such as only a woman could have made and therefore give a glimpse of the social life of Santa Fe not otherwise available. At this dinner General Kearny offered the toast, "The United States and Mexico - they are now united, may no one ever think of separating," which was translated into Spanish by Antoiñe

Robidoux. A visit was made to Fort Marcy, then in process of construction under Lieut. J. F. Gilmer, which promised when finished to be "a stronghold as well as a prettily improved spot." Mrs. Magoffin was not enthusiastic in her praise of the "Gloriatta" on the west side of the city, commenced by Gen. Pedro García Conde, for in her judgment it needed "a Yankee's ingenuity and Kentuckian's taste" to make it a beautiful place.

A ball given at the Palace in honor of Kearny and his corps by the newly appointed officials and citizen merchants was doubtless a gala affair, but not so large or select as on some occasions by reason of the recent death of an old gentleman, "a relation of half the city." One of the managers of the ball was William T. Smith, clerk for John Scolly, trader. Kearny's army departed the following day (September 25) on its memorable campaign to the coast, and on October 7 the Magoffin party began its long journey of eleven months down the Rio Grande and into Mexico, a journey fraught with hardship and often attended with grave dangers.

In her Introduction the editor presents a summary account of the Magoffin and Shelby families, both prominent in Kentucky history, with special reference, of course, to the author of the fascinating diary. The editor incorporates also

various notes, chiefly of a biographical character, together with a list of works and an index. One would wish that more had been said by way of explanation of the topographic and other features of the route traversed, and that the ridiculous reference to the association of Pecos with the Aztecs (page 99), a "tradition" exploded nearly half a century ago, had been omitted.

F. W. HODGE

SPANISH FOLK SONGS OF NEW MEXICO

Twenty-three Spanish songs known and sung in New Mexico, one of the states of the American union, are gathered and set forth in one bundle under the title, "Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico." (Seymour). Mary Van Stone is the author of the book; she collected the songs, obtained translations of the verses, wrote the Spanish and American texts in parallel, and wrote musical notations of the songs; this is authorship and requires the binocular viewpoints of scientist and artist. Mrs. Van Stone accomplishes the double feat of increasing the sum of human knowledge and at the same time giving a good show.

Alice Corbin writes the preface, which is pleasant, rambling, historical, restrospective, prospective, allusive, elusive and which smells of

New Mexico as if the writer had lived there ten years, which she has, and a thousand more, which she also has in imagination. We have one criticism, one fault and one only, one lapse and no more, to point out in connection with this preface. It should have begun and ended with quoting the Mexican folk song saying, "In Mexico nobody knows how to sing—and everybody sings." We remember Alice Corbin quoting this for a party that included Willie Henderson, Witter Bynner, Gus Bauman, Margaret Larkin, the mayor of Santa Fe, and three or four two-gun men whose names were spoken under the breath as though adobe walls have ears. Also Mrs. Van Stone was present.

Well, this is where we tell readers here is a book worth having. "Tis an honest song book, this. It gives us "Cancion de Luna" (Song of the Moon) which is sentimental, and "Cucharacha" (The Cockroach), which starts:

> Something makes me now to laugh,
> Pancho Villa takes his shirt off,
> See the Carranzistas coming.
> Because old Pancho shakes the dirt off.

So, you see there is history to be learned. The tune is a jig. Instead of jazzing history the Mexicans jig it. At first look, the title "To Quiero Proque Te Quiero" may not seem important. But it translates, "I Love You Because I

Love You." Some date back only to Pancho Villa's time while others are of old-world origin. Alice Corbin, author of "Red Earth" and a familiar of Spanish literature, writes, "Some of these songs preserve the earmarks of fifteenth century versification, indicating that their originals belonged to the golden age of Spain, and were probably brought to this country by the Franciscans at the time of the Conquest."

CARL SANDBURG.

MUSEUM EVENTS

TOUR BY DR. AND MRS. E. L. HEWETT

Dr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Hewett of the School of American Research in Santa Fe sailed on the 8th of September to attend the biennial session of the International Congress of Americanists in Rome, where Dr. Hewett presented a paper on "The Revival of Ancient American Arts," in which the restoration of the ancient culture of the Pueblos of the southwest that has been going on for the past twenty years under the guidance of the School of American Research in Santa Fe, is discussed. Concerning this restoration of a declining culture one of the leading philosophers and anthropologists of the world has recently said "This effort on the part of the School of

American Research is the one outstanding thing that has been done in America for the Indian race, and the results as now seen in the home life, dress, arts, ceremonies, and bearing of the Indians is conspicuous to every observer." This result has been accomplished through a persistent effort with the Indians to bring back their fine old arts such as pottery making, weaving, embroidery, ceremonies, etc., to their ancient perfection. Much of this has been accomplished through the annual Fiesta of Santa Fe and the Southwest Indian Fair.

Dr. Hewett attends the International Congress in Rome as the official representative of the Archaeological Institute of America and of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He carries with him the invitation of the Mayor and City Council, the Chamber of Commerce, and the School of Research to hold the 1928 session of the Congress in Santa Fe.

After the close of the Congress Dr. Hewett will continue for three months in North Africa the studies on ancient desert civilizations that he has been pursuing for the last twenty years in desert areas of the world such as Arabia, Mesopotamia, and the American Southwest. The special work in North Africa will be a study of the remains of the cultures of the northern part of the Sahara Desert and southern Tripoli, Tun-

isia, Algeria and Morocco from paeolithic to Roman times, with visits to the historic ruin cities of Cyrene, Carthage, Utica, Timgad, etc.

ANTHROPOLOGY

Other People's Problems

At the closing meeting of the International Conference of Christian Missions in Africa at Le Zoute certain resolutions were passed. One affirmed that an absolutely secure land tenure was essential for peace and good will of the native communities. It urged that lands to which natives had rights should be clearly delimited and protected by title deeds, and that natives should have sufficient land for cultivation and stock-breeding. With reference to industrial enterprises which might prejudice the healthy growth of native communities and threaten the disintegration of native society, it was affirmed that Christian, humanitarian, and economic considerations all demanded that there should be careful inquiry by competent authorities as to their effect.

While educational policy rested with the Governments the conference urged the establishment of educational advisory boards representing Gov-

ernment, the missionaries, the natives, and the commercial community. Higher education should be left to the Governments. The Government should see that elementary education reached all native children. Primary education should be in the vernacular, and European languages only introduced in the higher classes. The conference recommended more attention to women's education and the creation of an International Missionary Council. The authorship of books by Africans should be encouraged.

The special committee on the American negroes and Africa reported that provided the American negro could pass the same test as Europeans he should be encouraged in evangelization and education work in Africa. Times, London, Sept. 21, 1926.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

Heye Foundation

The Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, has made public plans for the expansion of its museum property owing to the enormous increase of its collections and the inadequacy of the present headquarters, at Broadway and 155th Street, properly to house them. The expansion program will include eventual oc-

cupation of an entire six-acre tract at Eastern Boulevard and Middletown Road, the Bronx. The property was given to the foundation several years ago by Archer M. Huntington, art collector and museum patron. The announcement was made in connection with that of the completion of the new museum annex, which will be ready for occupancy at the Bronx site on October 1. The building itself is of three stories, entirely fireproof, and will be used primarily as a clearing house for the hundreds of thousands of specimens now overflowing the vaults and show rooms of the museum on Broadway. The latter will continue for the present to serve as the parent institution.—New York Herald Tribune

Kit Carson Lodged There

To preserve to posterity the last tavern on the Santa Fe Trail, the State of Missouri has purchased the old tavern at Arrow Rock, Mo., which was built a hundred years ago by Judge Joseph Huston. The Daughters of the American Revolution have filled it with relics of the early days and have been named custodians. There is a four post, canopy bed, in which George Washington once slept. Daniel Boome visited the tavern and a violin once owned by him is among the relics exhibited. Kit Carson and Washington Irving lodged at the old tavern and it was

a stopping place for hundreds of westbound travelers over the Santa Fe Trail. It is to be completely restored and will be an assembling place for all patriotic organizations of Missouri.

GIFTS AND BEQUESTS

Bracelet of Gold Filigree

The School of American Research and the Museum became the recipients of an exquisite example of Mexican handicraft in the form of a heavy gold filigree bracelet studded with enameled decorations of superb workmanship. The gift came from Mrs. Gustav Billing of Cincinnati, who made the trip to Santa Fe for the special purpose of bringing the bracelet to the Museum. Mrs. Billing had been a resident of Socorro, N. M., in the early Eighties, where her husband built the first smelter. Mrs. Billing was accompanied to Santa Fe by her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Wurlitzer of Cincinnati, Mr. Wurlitzer being president of the Rudolf Wurlitzer Co., noted manufacturers of musical instruments.

The bracelet, which is a marvel of Mexican handiwork, is of pure gold filigree. It was made in the City of Mexico about the year 1804 and many months of painstaking labor were bestowed upon it. Massive and of unusual but artistic shape, the material of reddish gold, fashioned in an intricate lace-work of vines and tendrils of delicate filigree elaborately chased and studded with branching sprays, the bracelet was exhibited at the Colorado Centennial celebration at Denver in 1876. The whole surface of the bracelet is studded with different sized burnished gold berries to the number of 5400. Across the crest of the center piece of the bracelet flies a macaw with head gleaming in green and blue enamel. The wings and back are tinted dove color and pale russet, by some process now a lost art. On each side are two brilliantly enameled iguanas with lustrous eyes, each eye being a gem. Everywhere are jewels fashioned into insects and flowers scattered among the golden vinery that bears fruits of turquoise, amethyst and other precious and semi-precious gems.

At the Tertio-Millennial exposition in Santa Fe in 1883, the bracelet was much admired by throngs. It was then the property of the late Charles Thayer, from whom it was purchased by

Mr. and Mrs. Billing who had already admired it at the Colorado Centennial.

MUSEUM EVENTS

October Exhibits

John Sloan, before leaving for his New York studio on October 15, gave Santa Feans and their visitors the pleasure of viewing the paintings, the result of this summer's work in Santa Fe. Ten canvasses were hung in the Keresan gallery and to them was added a fine portrait of Sloan by a fellow-artist, Will Schuster, who to his genius and the inspiration of Sloan, owes high standing among Santa Fe artists. Sloan's sly humor does not obscure sincere and splendid workmanship. In his landscapes, harmonies of color in low key, make beautiful his faithfulness to structure and mass. In such superb painting as that entitled "Little Ranch House," Sloan's art measures up to the magnificent distances, the tremendous natural formations in which the simple adobe house is held as a toy in the hands of a giant. "Santa Cruz Valley," "Canyon Hill," "Peak," are charming records of New Mexico

scenes and moods, while "Threshing ," "Grotesque," "Wash Day," "Saving Triangle," "Bathers" are transcripts of episodes interpreted through the eyes of a keen observer, a natural-born wit and a great artist. In striking contrast, were the three score or so of drawings, etchings and sketches of Blanding Sloan which also delighted October visitors to the Art Galleries. Most of them were fleeting glimpses of the Southwest, Indian dances, sketches for stage settings and for illustrations. The etchings were more sombre and all that one expects to discover in an etching. Twenty water colors by the late Carl Eytel, rather formal, told of his visits to Oraibi, Laguna, Acoma. Several of these found buyers. Among other notable pictures of the month were four portraits and a landscape by Gerald Cassidy, at present in Paris; three landscapes by Fremont Ellis who is invading new territory, exchanging the forest and peaks for barren mesas and sand dunes as his themes; two lovely landscapes with figures by Bert Phillips; a cool Provincetown boat scene by J. Charles Berninghaus and a fine landscape by his father, O. E. Berninghaus; a rather cold protrait of Witter Bynner by Michael Baxte who paints in studied cubistic form; paintings by Lon Megar-

gee, Victor Higgins, J. H. Sharp, E. L. Berninghaus and Carl Redin remaining from the Fiesta exhibit.

IN THE FIELD

Reconnaisance in the Sandias

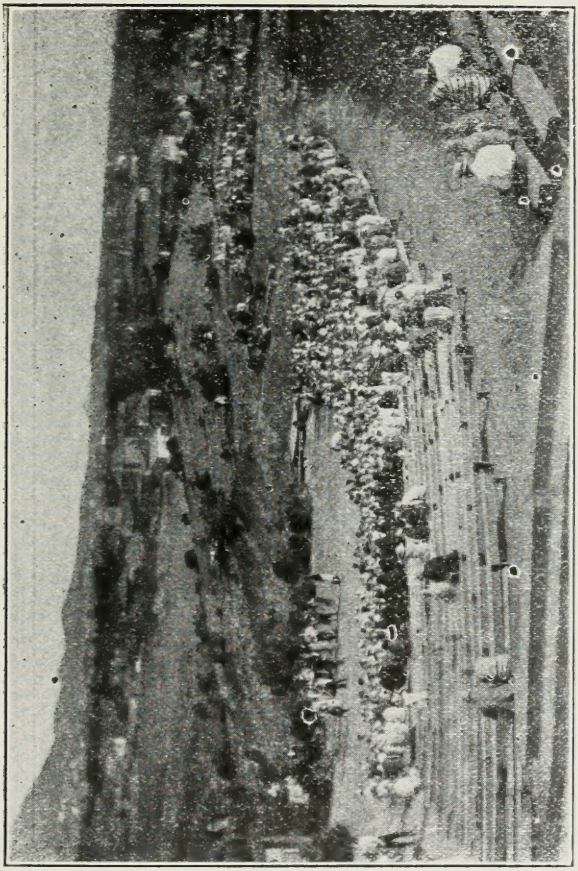
A trip to locate definitely prehistoric sites reported in the foothills of the Sandias was made by members of the Museum staff including Associate Director Paul A. F. Walter, Assistant Director Lansing Bloom, Curator Kenneth M. Chapman and Dr. H. P. Mera. The route was over the state highway via San Marcos where a collection of shards was made, Cerrillos, Madrid, Golden, San Pedro and San Antonito, then doubling back over the new "Rim Drive to the crest of the Sandias and then down by way af Placitas, Tejon, Hagan, Domingo and La Bajada. Our impression of the trip was that in pre-Spanish days there was a considerable population occupying contemporaneously sites close to each other in the entire region of the Sandia foothills. The two sites at Piedro Viejo were examined, one, the older and larger yielding black and white

pottery shards of early horizons, while the smaller and more recent was evidently built and occupied in historic times. From it were obtained two copper slugs taken from what appeared to be old smelters. At Las Placitas, an interesting ruin was examined on the Seligman ranch. It was evidently occupied in modern times. On the road to Tejon, there were several lesser sites, one apparently quite ancient, while the most recent had shards of Santa Ana and Zia types. At Piedro Viejo, shards of what seemed to be Little Colorado ware were picked up. If further analysis should confirm this, it might be construed as evidence that the Little Colorado pueblos were contemporaneous with San Piedro Viejo. While Nelson has done considerable work on this site and on the ruins of the Galisteo drainage as well as at San Marcos, the trip made it evident that many years of field work still remain to be done on a scale and with a care equivalent to Dr. Kidder's work at Pecos before the last word has been said on the Pueblo occupation of the Tiwa and Piro worlds.

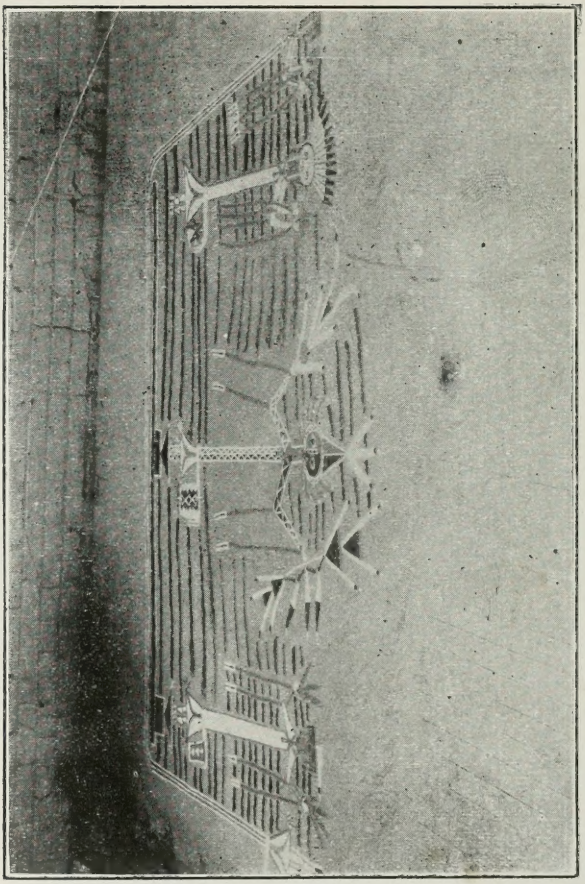
Work at Gran Quivera

Odd S. Halseth and Sam Huddelson of the Museum staff during September continued the work of last year at Tabira. Trenches were run

into the debris and refuse heaps of the pueblo and seemed to confirm the impression gained during last year's excavations, that the occupation of Tabira was for much longer period than had been surmised. In another kiva a fire place was cleaned out. Additional evidence of older walls beneath the walls of the pueblo of historic times was noted. Reconaissance trips to the Chupadera Mesa produced evidence of much more extended occupation than had been deemed possible because of the present barrenness of the region. House remains and abundance of pottery shards, practically all of early black and white provenance, were collected. Preliminary work was done at Tabira for the establishment of a local museum in the convento of the large mission church. The museum will be in charge of the local custodian of the National Monument which covers half the site, the other half being the property of the Museum and School.



Crowds Gathering in Fiesta Theater



Navajo Sand Painting at Indian Fair, Santa Fe, August 4 to 7, 1926